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AN

ANSWER

TO THE

HEROIC EPISTLE

Lately addreſſed to the

Rev. Dr. WATSON.

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LONDON:

Printed for JOHN, FRANCIS, and CHARLES RIVINGTON,
(N° 62) St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1780.

AN ANSWER

TO THE

HERODICEPHILE

BY

Rev. Dr. WATSON.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN

ANSWER, &c.

THOU, that * *in clouded majeſty* enrob'd,
To whom alike all tongues familiar ſpeak,
Or old, or new, or foreign, or thy own;
In crowds around whoſe banners gather'd, ſtand,
Holding their volumes open to thy aid,
Of authors hoſts innumerable, ſkill'd
In verſe, in med'cine, politics, in law,
In all the various knowledge man can boaſt;
Not only *Virgil*, *Horace*, and the like,
But e'en *Solinus*, *Plotius*, and ſuch
As none but thee e'er ſaw, or much leſs read;
Prodigious bard! Think me not over-bold,

* Heroic Epiſtle.

Tho' deaf to every jingling of rhime,
Tho' little proud of any thing but zeal
Againſt detraction, envy or revenge,
That dare before the world, before thyſelf,
Impeach thee of abuſe, and brand thy verſe.
Ye! whom this mighty poet's lightning ſtruck,
Ye! in whoſe ears as yet his thunders roll,
Ye! whom his gathering ſtorms henceforth may hurt,
Liſten my ſong, and aid my raſh exploit!
'Tis not another's intereſt, but your own!
The laviſh bard, conceited of his ſtrength,
Squander'd with thoughtleſs hand. 'Twas not enough
To ſend but only *Watſon* to his grave;
For others alſo, many a worthy ſage,
Mountain and *Brown*, *Atwood*, and even *Gl—n*,
With all the heads of houſes only one,
Are altogether doom'd! Accurſed fiend!
Thanks to the gods! thy twinkling genius fail'd.

Thy

Thy heat alas! tho' gather'd to a point,
Muſt even then attempt to ſcorch in vain,
Much leſs, at random ſcatter'd o'er the world.
* *But lighter themes a lighter care demand.*
Why all this ruſty heap of pedant notes,
Which very few can read, and all think dull?
Vain of their travels ſome ſhew where they went,
Not by their ſenſe, their manners, or their mien,
But by *Italian* airs, by ſcraps of *French.*
Thus thou, we know, not by thy ſkill, thy taſte,
But parrot-like quotations without end,
Haſt read, what *Tully* ſpoke, what *Virgil* wrote.
Why too inviſible in darkneſs clad?
Why thus renounce thy glory juſtly earn'd?
What! Does thy pride, thy vanity foreſee,
Mountains and vallies levell'd by thy ſong,
And dread what ſuits, what fines may thence enſue?

What! Is thy modeſt eye alarm'd to meet
The dazzling blaze of thy unclouded fame?
Vain fear! Nor ſtaring fame, nor ſuits, nor fines
Shall thee moleſt, nor aught—unleſs diſgrace.
Juſt as ſome coward warrior of old,
Unſeen behind his ramparts and ſecure,
His trembling javelin throws againſt a foe,
That ſtepping forth undaunted dares the field;
Yet ſpent and failing of its deſtin'd mark,
The dart unheeded drops, and ſcarcely ſeen.
Or as the roaring thunder never ſure,
Sometimes inſtead of bolts flings only blaze.
Thus, ſongſter, thus, thy feeble voice and hoarſe
Has try'd to ſing, but try'd alas! in vain.
Tho' *Junius*' and *Macgregor*'s lightning ſped,
Yet thine was only ſeen, by no man felt.
What! Doſt thou think to wield the Godlike arms
Of *Junius*, or *Macgregor*, or of both?

Behold

Behold the dapper champion cap-a-pee!
(For tho' like a wild beaſt of prey, thou ſkulk'ſt
Within thy inmoſt hole, I'll drag thee forth)
See then this man of might! this doughty 'ſquire!
Like the vain daw in borrow'd plumage gay.
Like the proud frog, that ſwell'd againſt the ox.
See! how he ſtrains to ſtring the ſinewed bow,
Whence flew the ſhaft, that ſtuck in *Draper's* ſide.
And now one no leſs ſtrong, whoſe ſounding twang
Rais'd ſuch a laugh againſt a *Chambers'* taſte.
See too his ſmoaking cheek! his tottering knee!
Spent in a work far! far! beyond his ſtrength.
Why wilt thou thus provoke a vain attempt?
Why thus on others ſtrive to ſcatter ſhame,
Which only brings diſgrace upon thyſelf?
Why thus above the world thyſelf ſet up,
And point and ſcoff at others ſelf-applauſe,
While all thy words ſo clearly ſpeak thy own?

Know,

Know, that thou ſeem'ſt thus perch'd, but what thou art;
A thing made up of pedant and buffoon.
Ceaſe then to bark, thou dog, to ſhew thy teeth.
Thy pigmy arms muſt ever try in vain,
To graſp the loins of *Watſon*'s giant fame.
Like ſome high rock well-founded in the deep,
Whoſe ſides have felt the ſearching ocean's rage,
Its weight, its tides, its ſtorms together urg'd,
And ſtedfaſt brav'd them all. Thus *Watſon* ſtands.
Ceaſe then thy ſnarling tongue, nor longer hope
Thy little billows e'er can ſhake his peace.

THE END.